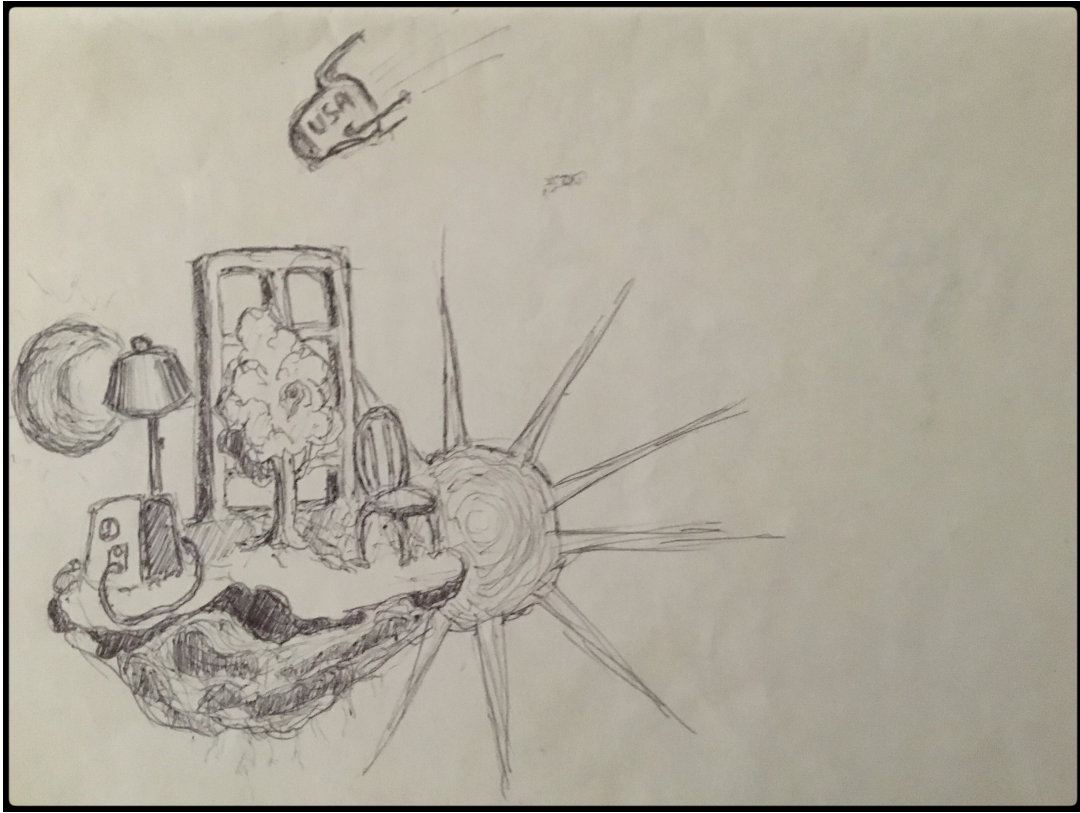


# In My Time

By  
Wayne Reed Lougee



Illustrated by  
Wayne Reed Lougee



My world view, unlike anyone else.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere it's setting,  
And cometh from afar:  
Not in total forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home;

William Wordsworth



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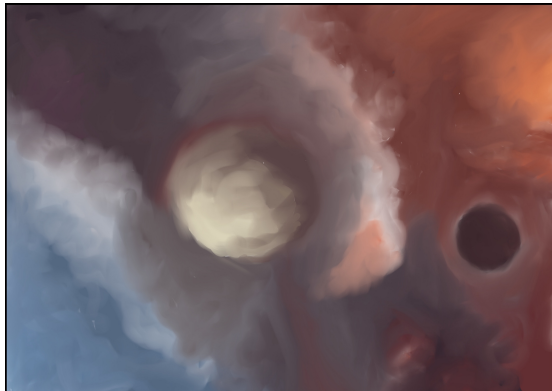
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## Prefix: Why Me, Why My Time?

Early in his life, the American writer Ernest Hemingway published a book titled *In Our Time*. The later editions of this book contained both some short sketches of life originally published in his first book and also the collection of Hemingway's early Nick Adams short stories. I have always been intrigued by that fairly short book because of the way which Hemingway describes, in very rich detail, seemingly insignificant or overlooked sketches of living in his world. He tells stories of fishing trips in isolated areas on isolated streams. He tells other stories of Nick following his doctor father on his rounds among the American Indians. Nothing in the book tells of great human feats, but just ordinary life, interspersed with short vague sketches of war and other similar issues.



However, a deeper reading of “*In Our Time*” illustrates how Hemingway could tell of an insignificant event in a way in which the reader knows there was nothing insignificant about that event. There is a much deeper meaning that the mere words alone do not convey. He writes about real life.

I started writing this book with a similar concept in my mind. I wanted to use my life or “my time” to tell of real life events from which a deeper reading would give the reader greater understanding of my private world and possibly the worlds as experienced by others.

Much of my life, like most people living today, seems insignificant, yet there really isn't an insignificant life in this world. We just have to look deeper to better comprehend the

significance of life. Everyone will have different experiences in life and view their world with different eyes, but in looking at any one particular persons life, we can see that our worlds truly do connect. We all share some innate common understanding of who we are and why we are here.

As I have pondered more deeply the reasons why I wrote this book, I realized that I am trying to focus on an eternal principle relating to our understanding of God's love. I have always felt the poem by William Wordsworth untitled "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" printed in part above, does very intimately, address how we came to earth to share "our time" with others. We came from God, "trailing clouds of glory". Every one of us is a child of God, and there are none of us who are, or can become, insignificant. Also, none of our problems and failings are insignificant. They are all a wonderful part of the lessons God set us here to learn! Thus, viewing our life with Spiritual eyes, we can see these truths more clearly.

These sketches are my way of telling who I am and the paths that I took on my journey to understand my Godly purpose in life. Maybe my stories may help someone else to see their own world a little more clearly. If I can help anyone with my writing then I really have fulfilled one of my purposes of life, here in "this time."

Wayne Lougee 2022



## Chapter One: My Early Years and the Death of Politics



Politics has always been an uncomfortable word to me. I don't believe I think of national or world events in terms of politics like others may do. Having worked for, and retiring from, the federal government, I have tried to see events from a neutral political view. Yet I often find when I speak to others about current government related events, many people tend to listen and understand my words from a political point of view. They have never understood some of my earlier experiences related to politics.

My early childhood memories of politics were completely based on my understanding of my parent's political opinions and were not personally reasoned out political positions that represented my own mind. I knew at an early age that my parents were Republicans, though I didn't know what it meant to be a Republican. I formed a false opinion as early as grade school that anyone who wasn't a Republican was not a good American. This idea was not taught to me by my parents, it was just my own personal way of organizing my complicated world at a young age.

My first memory of a large national event, happened when I was in kindergarten. I attended half-day kindergarten and one day returning home from school I learned that the President of the United States had been killed. I understood that he had been shot by someone while riding in a convertible automobile. I was shocked that such a thing could happen in our country. Yet, I knew that the President was not a Republican and therefore must have had some flaws in his political life. Notwithstanding this confusing fact, I still remember being quite sad and upset

because of this event. Even at this young age I understood that my view of life and my world would need to be adjusted to understand other's beliefs.

My next political event that I remember was the 1968 Presidential Election. I was out on the playground with a good friend of mine, a friend who had the same religious background as my family and who I thought she have the exact same belief system that I had. I remember My friend telling me that his mother was going to vote for the man in the coming election who was not a Republican. I was sincerely shocked. Without any hesitation, I asked my friend if his mom knew she was going to vote for a "communist." At that time I'm life that was what my young mind had figured out what non-Republicans were. Again, this was my own conclusion, it was not taught to me by my parents. I just knew my parents were good people and they were Republicans.



I grew up in the 1960s and World War II was still not a too distant event. The Germans and the Japanese were still the enemy in my mind. I knew this fact from the TV shows and movies we watched. I also knew that our new enemy was Russia. Russia had nuclear bombs and we were told at school that the Russians wanted to use their nuclear bombs on us. So, I was also very frighten by not just the Germans and the Japanese, but also the Russians, who everyone knew were bad people and even worse than bad, they were communists.

It was for this reason that my first political opinions centered around non-Republicans being communists. I didn't know what a communist was. It was just bad. And, Republicans were good because my parents were good and they were Republicans. That was the core of my political thought in my preteen world. It made



sense to me and I did not have to delve deeper in to the dark world of politics.

In high school, several events happened that not only changed the world, but also rocked my personal understanding of the world. The first event developed after the 1972 Presidential Election and is still referred to as “Watergate.” At that time I only understood that Watergate was a nationalevent, it wasn’t until I was much older that I finally understood that Watergate also the name of an hotel establishment in Washington DC and the activities that led up to the event happened at that establishment.

Watergate was a very traumatic event for me. The President of the United States resigned because of his involvement in this event, I actually viewed his resignation live on TV. But, what troubled me even more than the resignation, was that the resigning President was a Republican. Republicans were supposed to be good people like my parents. My parents would never be associated with something like Watergate.

My world seemed to have crashed right before my eyes. I started to think that maybe I really didn’t understand politics. Elected people, especially Republicans were supposed to be good people. I had to then factor in Watergate into my political thought and I didn’t know how to accomplish such a difficult task.



The second world event during my high school years was the end of the Vietnam War. America had never lost a war before. I had studied all the classic World War II movies and reasoned that America was protected by God and could not lose a war. Again, my parents were good people



and they were not only Republicans, but they were good Americans too. America stood for only what was right. My mother taught me at a very young age to respect the flag and to live the principles found in the pledge of allegiance. America was God's country and God would never allow us to lose a war.

But, we did lose a war and we had to admit defeat. By this time I knew that I really did not understand my world. Things were happening that in my mind could not or should not, happen. How could I have been so wrong? Where were the flaws in my reasoning? I had no knowledge of how to repair my world. I just continued on feeling that my country had let me down. I really had no mindful reason for further existence in this world. No, I am not saying I was suicidal, I had just lost all direction needed to understanding my world.

I had graduated from high school and had given no thought to my future. I had no idea what the rest of my life was going to be like. I didn't like politics any more, as that politics no longer seemed to be a good thing, both national and world events did not improve my understanding of our political system, not that I was a fan of any other political system. I just tried to dismissed all my earlier political concepts from my mind.

At age 19, I went to Taiwan to serve two years as a missionary for my church. The next important national event happened while I was in Taiwan. I was not following either national or world news and I was not prepare for this event. I am talking about my country, God's country, was no longer going to recognize Taiwan, the Republic of China as a "real" country. They were going to close down the US Embassy in Taiwan. The people of Taiwan did not like what my country had done and many told me as much. My early political thoughts came back to me and I reasoned that the current President of the United States was not a Republican and therefore maybe not a good person. But, I still had not worked out the events of the Watergate era, which had rocked

my political balance, and so I was unsure of what this event truly meant. Maybe not being a Republican didn't mean anything regarding whether a person was good or bad. Maybe, Taiwan was not supposed to be recognized as the head of the Chinese world. I knew I had to find balance in this world and I knew that I could no longer rely on my childhood understanding of these things.



I turned 21 and was then old enough to vote. At first out of a knee jerk response, I registered as a Republican. I did not remain a Republican for long. I began thinking about my world and decided that no one person or party would influence my world. I then re-registered as an independent, not because I supported any national independent movement, but because I decided that I would not belong to any party or organization with whom I could not totally agree with. I became a party of one, meaning me and no one else. I did not want to ever be let down again by politics.

And, so I began my non political life style where I tried to look at important events from a fact based viewpoint, not from a political viewpoint.

I started to examine such events in terms of why someone might act in a certain way. Was money involved, or were the actions legal? I developed a standard for seeing the world through a lens that I called integrity. Integrity, I knew, was not bounded by party lines or national borders. Integrity was a very personal trait that worked with my new political views and could divide up the world in a new way, by terms of honesty, not politics. My political thoughts were dead to me and were buried deep in my reasoning mind.



## Chapter Two: My College Years and My New Basis for the Future

After high school and a year before I went to Taiwan, I attend a small community college where I could live at home and attain some form of higher education. I thought at the time I might be a good engineer because as a teenager I had worked with our city engineer and I liked the work. In this job, We drew out plans for new city sewer lines and installed our city's second traffic light. I had had other jobs, including working in the mint fields, working at an electronics store, and for a short time changing irrigation pipes at my uncle's farm, but I enjoyed my work at the city engineer's office the most.



The idea of becoming an engineer led me to experience one of my life's hardest lessons, failure. Failure has a way of changing the path we may travel, but it need not be a totally negative experience. At that age, I had not yet learned how to gain experience through the occasional failures in life.

Up until I had started college, I had really never experienced failure on a personal scale. I had succeeded in most every aspect of life and I did it much of the time without even trying. Life came easy to me and I hadn't planned for possible failure. My first difficult experience with failure happened when I took my first college level math and physics courses. I found that I couldn't do well in these subjects without working and I had no desire at that time to do the work to succeed. I failed the courses and failed at that time at becoming an engineer.

I came home from Taiwan without any other plan for my future. I had no concept of what I wanted or could study at college, I just knew I had to go to college because that is what my family

expected of me. I had no desire to fail again, but I still was not in many ways ready to truly work at any particular type of learning. I think I felt that I had the right and deserved to succeed at life without exerting much effort. My childhood faulty worldview, in areas beyond just politics, was still deeply ingrained in my soul.

I registered at the same university that my brother was attending law school so that I could room with him. The school was about a 3 hour drive from my parents home and on the other side of the mountains that divided our state east to west. I had grown up on the dry east side of the state and my university was on the wet west side. I had come from a small rural community and was at that time finding out what life was like in a larger, more populated, city. It seemed that life was beginning over for me and I needed to find better direction for my future.

I had spent 2 years in Taiwan speaking Mandarin Chinese. I really wasn't very good at Chinese, but I soon discovered that I was far better than others trying to learn Chinese, especially those who had never been outside of America. So, it was a very national fit for me to start taking Chinese literature courses at the university.

I remember meeting my main Chinese instructor in a one on one interview where she decided what level of courses I should begin my studies. She placed me in the third year level which meant that I skipped all of the basic language courses. My greatest problem with this placement was that I spoke Chinese, but had never learned to write or read Chinese. This would be a huge hurdle to determine my success or failure in this course of instruction. I again was placed in the position of either failing or having to do the work to succeed.

I was also very unsure of my written English abilities. My high school was not very strict on learning and I just skated through without learning all the correct structures the English written word or parts of speech. I was very poor speller and in that day

we had to use a typewriter to prepare papers. I was a very slow typist and really only as good as I could spell. Mistakes were very hard to correct on an old manual typewriter and my finished papers had many markings caused by changes and erasing. I still was not sure I was prepared to succeed at the university.

Having no other avenue to move forward where I felt I could succeed, I filled up my schedule up with Chinese poetry and general literature classes. My very first class assignment was to read the short story Kong Yi Ji by Lu Xun, the father of modern Chinese literature. This story was written in simplified Chinese script unlike the the few traditional Chinese characters that I had learned to read in Taiwan. Reading this story was a slow process because of the characters and the fact that Chinese do not write literature exactly as I had learned to speak Chinese. But, I slowly moved forward one character at a time. My first Chinese professor was a lady known as Professor Rong. She was quite old when I knew her, but I found a picture of her when she was younger. The included drawing was made from that picture.



The story “Kong Yi Ji” is about a poor man named Kong Yi Ji who desperately wanted attention from others. He acted as if he was a learned scholar and talked like the old Chinese scholars, and was merely laughed at by all who would listened to him. In the end he got the attention he was seeking by being executed for crimes he did not commit, but he was happy, because someone finally took notice of him.

This sad story was my introduction to Chinese literature. I liked Kong Yi Ji as a person and I could relate to his desire to be important for something. I was still emotionally unsure of my world and self value and this story could have been about me.



I took a lot of poetry classes from Professor Fish. Chinese poetry is very different in style and purpose than western poetry. Poetry was the form of ancient Chinese “political speak.” It was also the major part of the Old Chinese government civil service test. With such a test, the candidate would be given a topic and had to write poems to address the given topic. The better poets who past the test were then be give work as a local magistrate or other type of lower government jobs,

Chinese poetry was used to communicate between friends regarding specific political issues to avoid being charged with sedition. Their poetry allowed them to express their personal opinions avoiding the use of explicit and forbidden language that could convict someone for treason or other such crimes. A good Chinese poet had to have a complete understanding of 2 to 3 thousand years of published poetry in order to communicate in this manner. lines or words from older poems would be reused centuries later to express a similar political idea as in the older poem.

These Chinese poets were using a poetic coded language to communicate sensitive messages. For example, the poem might be about a flower on the surface level. The next level down the flower may represent a lover, but most important, on the 3rd level the flower may represent the ruler. Therefore, reading and understanding Chinese poetry was like decoding a secret coded message. Later in my life I became familiar with western codes and believe the Chinese code system was as effective as any other code.

I really enjoyed decoding Chinese poetry and actually became very good at it. I would do a great amount of historical research, form an opinion on the real meaning of a poem, and then type out my term paper. My professors would hand back the paper covered with remarks scribbled across the paper with red ink. But, honestly I still was afraid of failing that I would look only for

the grade on the returned paper and never read further to take in the professor's comments. I assumed that any comment regarding my papers would be negative and I avoided the potential negative emotions I might feel by just avoiding the comments. To this day, I have never revisited my college paper to see the comments. Avoidance is a common self proscribed and fallible OCD solution, but I wouldn't learn that concept for many years.

I eventually graduated with a BA in Chinese language and literature and with fairly good grades. However, I graduated without much thought as to how I would use my degree to support my family. When I left the university, I was married and we had had our first child. But, I still had no clue as to what work or career I was heading towards.

This seems to be a pattern I employed in my younger years. I would jump into a situation without applying any thought of what I would do when I got out of that situation and would jump into still another situation. Planning was a weak point in my strategy for life. Looking back now, I am amaze at what have accomplished. God must have been looking out for me, because I know I wasn't.



## Chapter Three: Overseas College or Learning to Live on Nothing



Leaving college with a somewhat useless degree and having no potential job, was extremely frightening. I again was able to postpone the situation of finding a job by applying to attend a Chinese college in Taiwan. This was just the next situation that I was jumping into.

I left the same year I graduated from college and took my young family with me to study an extra year in for a traditional Central Taiwan university. Our son had just turned a year old and my wife and I had no money or jobs to generate money to live on, we flew overseas without thinking about our future. For some reason, I don't remember having a lot of anxiety because we had no plans.

We flew into the new Taipei, Taiwan airport that was an hour outside of the capital and 3 hours away from our destination. We had no local money and the flight arrived after the money exchange booths had all closed. We found we didn't have bus money to travel to our new home and university. Luckily I was talking out loud to my wife about our situation and a Chinese man overhearing our conversation came up to us and gave me a large sum of money to get us started. I later tried to repay the man and he refused to take the money.

We found a hotel and the next day went out to the college to check in. In that first interview, we were both hired as English teachers and told where we might find a place to live. We took a

short trail between the college and a local housing community where we started asking around for a place to rent.



We were shortly directed to an umbrella factory and introduced to a lady sitting there putting umbrellas together at a bench. I was told that she was Mrs. Yang and that she had an upstairs that was available to be rented. She and her husband, who was an air force pilot, were childless and lived downstairs. We

shared a kitchen and a washing machine, but otherwise was total independent on the 2nd floor.

In college again, I again focused on Chinese poetry. We taught English at night and I went to class during the day. We really enjoyed the year we spent in Taiwan on our own and without much money. I think we were really happy that year.

But we came back to the States a year later and found ourselves in exactly the same situation we had been in after graduation. We moved in with my parents for the time and I started the hard task of finding a job.

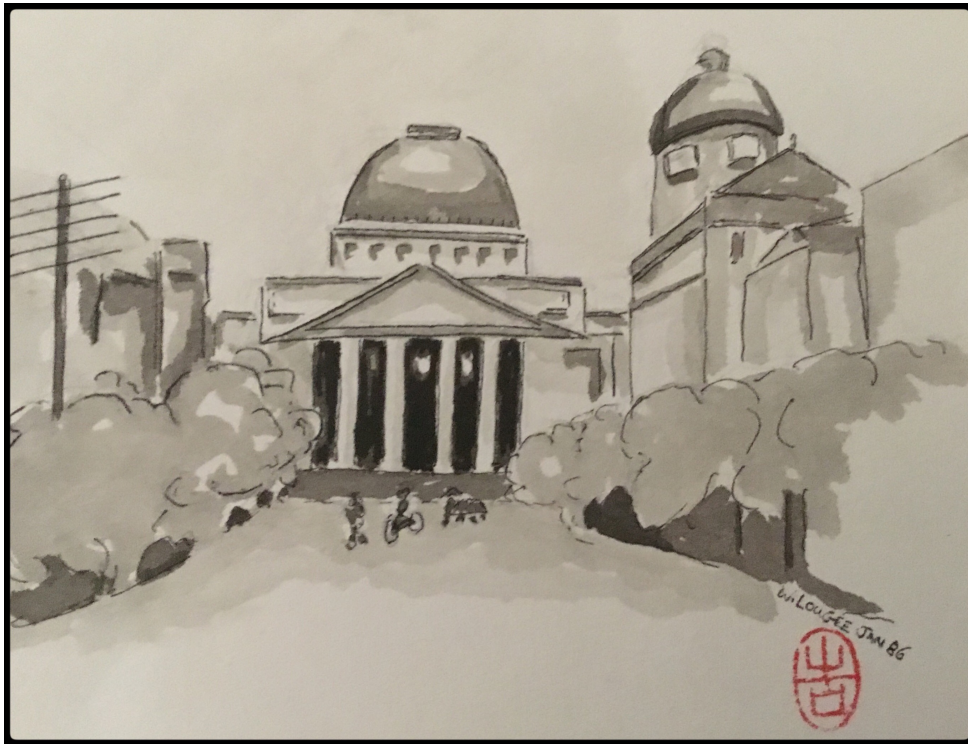
Our time in Taiwan had been a good learning experience for understanding how to live on nothing. We went where we decided to go and everything else just fell into place. I guess God was really looking after us.

After the passing of another year, I found a job, but it was across the country near Washington DC. Without trying to ruin the suspense of my life story, I will just say that the job I took with the



US Government was one which I would hold on to until I retired 30 years later. I finally found that my useless degree and experience overseas was good enough to live a successful life.

College had not let me down. I was ready to move on with my next stage of life.



## Chapter Four: Art or My Real Purpose in Life

In telling such stories about my “time”, I feel a need to step back at this point a talk somewhat regarding my art and my talents that are God given. I understood from the Bible that if a talent is given from God, then it is my responsibility to use that talent for good, and not bury it.

I have always thought of my self as an artist. I can’t remember an age which I wasn’t drawing or creating some form of art. In fact I produced all of the art found in these pages. These items of art represent at least 40 years of my art.

I remember not being like the other boys who were drawing cars with flames either painted on the vehicle or coming out of the exhaust pipes. I drew trees and landscapes. I was never real comfortable drawing a human body, especially the face or the hands. So, I did not start to draw people until much later in life.



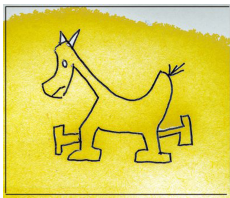
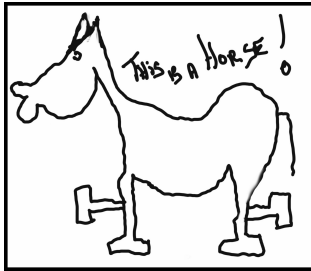
I never thought of art as something that would lead to job or career, it was just a part of my life where ever I found myself. I took art classes every year from 6th grade through my first year in the local community college. Everywhere I went, I drew. I drew in my school books and on the Sunday church programs. I drew in class and in meetings at work. No story about my life can avoid a discussion of my art. Art has been in my mind, one of God’s purposes for my life. God sent me here to create art. Without art my life truly has little meaning.

My high school years had a very formative influence on my art. I had had a great art teacher by the name of Miss Flagal in junior high. But, in junior high, my teacher may have been very kind, but she did not enforce the discipline that I needed at that time in life. It wasn’t until I attended high school art class that I started to

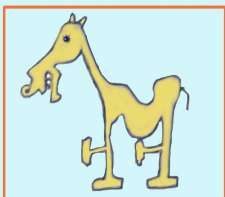


develop my own artistic style. My teacher was Miss Hoag who later married and became Mrs. Page. I still have art in my home that was created in my high school art classes.

I would like to tell now of my epic “This is a horse” experience in high school. Mrs. Page, taught art with a discipline that would not bend. I was a fairly good artist and I really did thrive under Mrs. Page's tutelage, but one day while just doodling I created an odd drawing of a cartoon horse. Although, not a masterpiece by any definition, I was mesmerized by what I had created.



The horse had a distinct swayed back, long neck, and a tail made of stubble. What was most interesting to me was that both the front and rear left feet were fixed to the ground, but the right fore foot stuck straight out towards the front of the horse and the rear right leg was positioned the same with the exception of pointing straight backwards. The obvious joke was that any such horse in this particular position would fall on its side if it were not stuck to a piece of drawing paper. I quickly finished my drawing by adding the title, "This is a Horse" because it was possible that someone could fail to understand what the creature really was.



Mrs. Page had a length of wall set aside for showing off the best of her students art work. That morning, while under the influence of wonderment that this horse would not fall off the the paper, I taped it to wall with all the other art classics. Mrs. Page, having more traditional art discipline than an eye for understanding the impossible, saw the drawing, tore it

down, identified me as the culprit, and threw the paper in the trash. The next day she came into her class room only to find the same horse back in its place on the wall. Almost every day for the rest of the year, that horse appeared on the wall of the art room and every day that horse was thrown away.

It was years later that I realized that I could see something creative and maybe even useful in that simple cartoon horse that my teacher couldn't or didn't take the time to see. I found that through my creative eye that I could learn to see things that others could not see.



Through out my life I experimented with many types of art styles and materials. As a child I mainly used a pencil and drew on whatever paper was available. Later I began using pen and ink creating mainly black and white drawings. I then moved on to using colored ink and played a lot with pointillism. A few times I tried watercolors and oil, but I quickly learned that those paints needed a lot more instruction than I had had money or patience to invest.

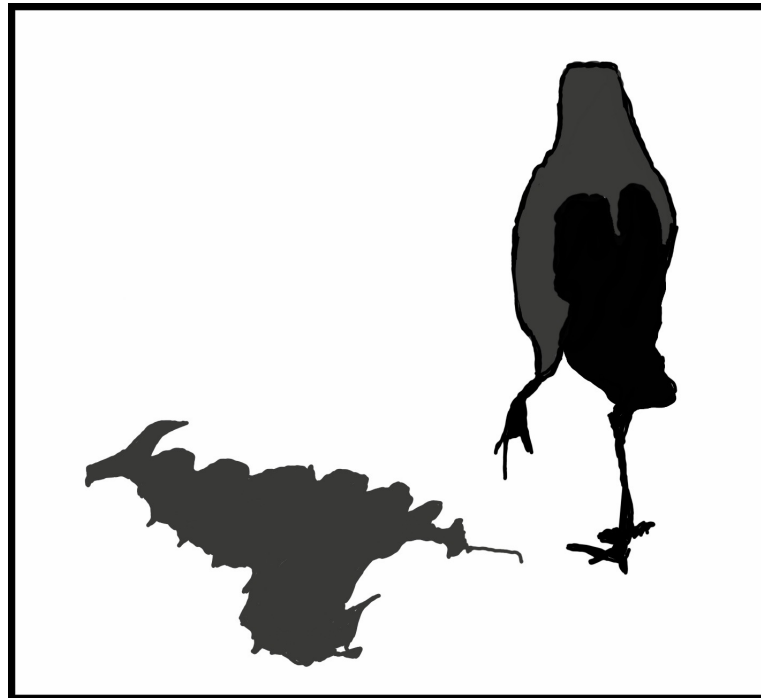


I then turned to pastels and colored pencils because I wanted to learn how to work with the mixing of colors. I excelled in my use of these two art types. Again, I started out on my own, taking no outside instruction on how to use pastels. I just invented my own style of art which gave me much sense of pleasure.

I was a very early user of a personal computer. I bought my first computer at a time when others in my family just couldn't see how such machines would ever catch on. Of course, my earliest computer use involved designing a way for me to create digital

art. As computers became more usable and a standard household piece of equipment, the commercial art programs also improved. I would upgrade my digital programs as often as new or better ones came out.

Today I routinely use a mix of all the above tools to create a very individual style of art. I have shown my art on several occasions in a local gallery. But, to understand my life it is essential that my art is a large part everything I do. As you will learn in a later chapter, my artistic abilities even played a special role in my non artistic career.



## Chapter Five: My Early Career Years or Having Nothing to Live On

After taking my family to Taiwan and then living with my parents for a year, I finally found the job that I was looking for. The position was on the east coast and for a west coast kid, I really was not prepared for what we were heading into. I had grown up in a small rural town in a small rural county in the Pacific Northwest. I didn't even know that Washington DC was close to Maryland or the city of Baltimore. It was all new territory for me. I had never seen a row house or a dangerous eastern intercity. Everything was exciting and new. It was also extremely expensive.



I took a job, working in a Washington DC suburb and working for the Federal Government in a classified environment. I started out on the lowest rung of the government career

ladder for college graduates and was paid a very handsome wage if we had still been living in a Pacific Northwest rural town. But, as we were to quick to learn, the US dollar did not go as far on the east coast. My first bi-weekly check was for 500 dollars and the cheapest apartment we could find rented for 500 dollars per month. With utilities, insurance, and car payments, and possibly even student loans to repay, we really didn't have much left over for food.

We were just waiting, with great anxiety, for a new crisis and experience another failure in life. We cut back on our spending and settled in for an unspecified period of time learning to be extremely poor. I had never before experienced poverty at this level, even living in Taiwan with no resources, we were better off than we were during my first few years working for the government on the east coast.

My wife came from a background of both money and poverty. Her father had money and her divorced working mother had the four children and little money. My wife grew up in her mother's home. She rarely received financial help from her father. However, a year after we went east, my wife's father agreed to buy a house we could live in. He needed the tax break and the situation served him well.

We moved into a fine colonial home in a very nice neighborhood. The house had only two previous owners, the first of which had been the Belgian Embassy. It was a very beautiful home, well above our income bracket. The house was bought in 1984 or 85. In 1986, the tax laws were overhauled and it no longer was a financial benefit her father to to pay the mortgage. He sold the house to us for a dollar or two and we had to take over a huge monthly payment. That was when our car died.

We didn't have the money to continue and my wife was trying to decide how she could augment our income. She would later start a small daycare business in our home, taking in 2 to 4 children at any given time. Also, we purchased a new bottom of the line Ford Escort which didn't even have a radio to replace our dead "Honda Car." Back then Honda was better known for their motorcycles and when they started making cars everyone called them Honda cars to indicate that it was a car not a motorcycle.



It was at that time I applied for and was excepted to go back to Taiwan for another year of training. We rented out our house and took our new Escort and our two boys back to Taiwan. The government moved us and housed us for free. This was a true blessing that probably saved us from going bankrupt.

We lived debt free for an entire year. It was an enjoyable time. My wife again taught English, but this time it was not to survive, but because she wanted to. I had training in the morning and was totally free in the afternoon. As that I was in training, I wasn't

required to work 8 hour per day and I also was not required to take leave when I didn't have training. I spent many of my afternoons playing basketball at the local college.

I played ball with a young man who was not Chinese or Taiwanese. He was from a family who descended from the original inhabitants of Taiwan, those who lived there before the Chinese came. They are very much like and live in similar circumstances as the American Indian. My friend's family lived on a reservation high in the mountains. Most non



citizens of Taiwan are not allowed to go into the reservations, but I got permission to go there because of my position in my training program. Our family spent several long weekends in the mountains climbing up and down the deep ravines to and from the river below. We were only able to cross the river by using rustic hanging bridges made of rope and bamboo.

One of the most interesting things about those trips to the mountains was that my friend's family lived within a mile from the cement house that General Chiang (Zhiang) had imprisoned the man who was responsible for the famous Xian incident in which a plan to kill General Chiang is was averted.



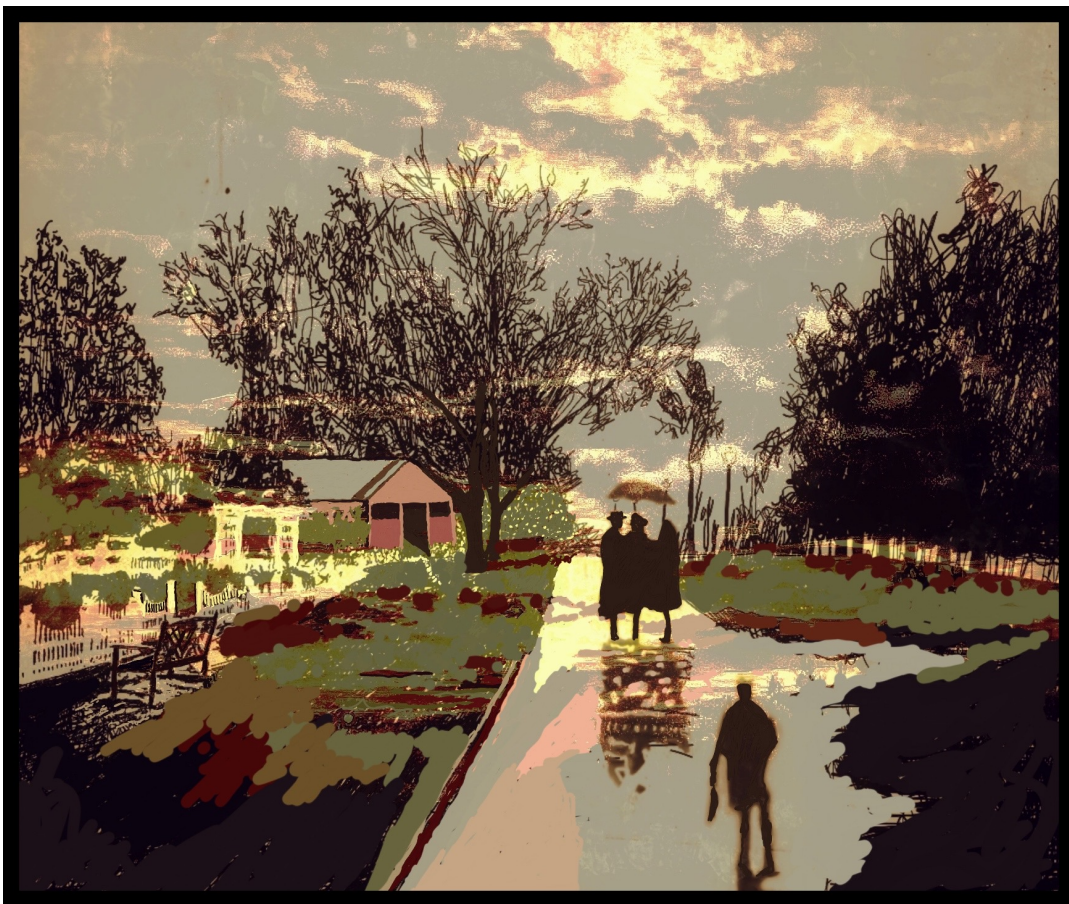
We returned from Taiwan very much revived, but found ourselves in the same old problem needing more money to live on the east coast. It was at this time that my wife really started her daycare business. I would take our only car to work and leave my wife home with all the Kids. This wore my wife out and was one of the reasons that she went back to school to get an Occupational Therapist (OT) degree.

One way or another, we eked out our existence for many years until I was promoted to a level that we could enjoy a better life style. These were extremely hard years both at work and at home. But, during this



time, our family added a daughter to our family which already included two sons. In many ways our children made life better, even though our budget was tight.

It was at this time I started to suffer from Obsessive Compulsive Disorder (OCD) especially in the area of finances and relationships. I will talk more about these issues in the next chapter, but I need to mention it here because it was during this period of time that I began a physical illness battle that has continued on to this day. As our life style improved, my health took a downward path.



## Chapter Six: Disabilities and Trauma (Part 1)

From a young age I have always suffered from some OCD issues. I remember as a nine year old the day my basement bedroom was flooded during a tremendous afternoon downpour. It was the day we moved into our new house, the “Pancake house”, named after the family who had previously own the house. My parents had gone shopping and the basement windows had been opened. The rain came down hard, soaking my entire room. It scared me.

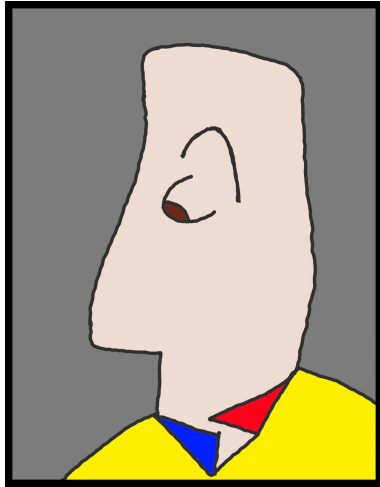
The flooding of my bedroom for some reason triggered fears in me that would last for years. Every time the sky became black and rain began to fall, I would run to an upstairs safe point and sit the storm out, clinging fast to the walls for safety.



In 1987, my OCD was triggered in a huge way. We were still trying to get by on my small salary and the money my wife brought in from her daycare business, and I applied for another overseas assignment. I thought we could use the well compensated government treatment of it's overseas employees. This would have been the perfect way out of our financial problems, but it was not to be. In many ways it was a blessing not to take this assignment because my life would have taken a much different path. However, I did not see those blessings at that time and these events also led to one of my most traumatic experiences of my entire life.

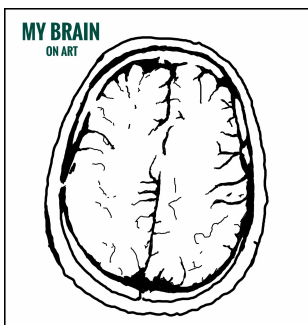
In processing for my overseas assignment, I needed to take and pass a polygraph test. At that time I didn't even know my internal anxiety was called OCD. I didn't know at that time know OCD was or how it affected me. I even had less understanding of the conflict between OCD and polygraph tests. I just went I and took the test. And, I failed it with great ease. This time I did have work at failing, just did and couldn't understand why because I was telling the truth. We're not polygraphs supposed to be infallible. That is what I was taught in TV shows or in the movies.

I must be a liar or polygraphs were not very accurate. I again had to question my earlier concepts of truth. I began to doubt whether or not there was anything that I could call truth.



Let me at the point, explain OCD and polygraphs before I finish this story. What now am going to explain was something I didn't know at the time. OCD is called the doubting disease because the brain keeps asking itself if the truth is the truth. The idea of truth is very confused with OCD. A polygraph measures a body's signs of anxiety and assumes that anxiety means the person is lying. OCD is a form of anxiety that a polygraph records as a possible untruth. Not understanding I had OCD and not understanding that polygraphs and OCD didn't not work well for me. I performed badly and was treated as if I were lying. I fail 3 times in a row (something that was rarely tolerated) and had my application for the overseas assignment canceled.

I begin doubting that I could ever pass that test again, yet I needed a passing score to continue my work. I would fail to pass more tests and would refuse to take other tests risking being fired. This went on unbelievably for 5 years without me being fired. Again, God must have been looking out for me.

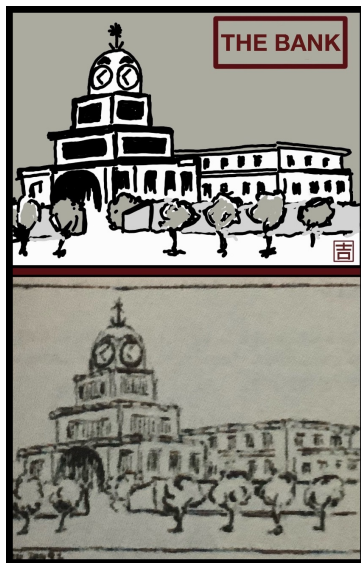


I have described polygraph tests as being like the tester is scraping me out of all thought on my face insides because each question would lead to more detailed and more extreme questions and I was not able to find my way out of the situation. It just got worse and worse until one day a young therapist showed up unexpectedly after another failed test and invited me into his office. Instead of testing me again, he just wanted to talk to me. And, I talked. We decided that I needed to approach this polygraph hurdle from a different direction, yet he did not

at that time even know himself what the direction should be. He was just trying to figure out how to fix the problem.

I began seeing a personal doctor at that time and was diagnosed with OCD. I began taking medicine for this problem, but looking back on the situation, I really do not believe the medicine worked for me. At work my young therapist had a great idea that he want to experiment on me. It follows one of the great OCD therapies that is common today. He wanted me to face my fears in a non traumatic way to help me overcome my anxiety to the test.

His plan was to introduce me to very high ranking employee and we were to meet once a week for lunch and just talk about life. My new friend took time to help me understand that everyone has something going on in their lives. No one is perfect. He wanted me to relax about the normal issues that bothered me and possibly affected me in a negative way during the test.



We met each week for a whole year, then he invited me into his office; He sat me down at his computer at his computer and asked me to document everything I could remember concerning our year long conversation. It took me several weeks, at one day per week, to finish this task. When finished, the document was quite lengthy. I then went in to take my next polygraph test and the tester had that document on his desk and told me there would only be one question. That question was: Is this document true? I said yes, I passed the test, and I went back to work as usual.

As a result of our success, my organization set up an employee assistance office with qualified therapists to help other employees like me. That effort was hugely successful and most the organizations with in



the federal government started similar efforts. It all began with me and a young therapist who believed in me.

As an after thought, the day I was originally scheduled to report at my canceled overseas assignment, on that exact day and place I was to go, there erupted in unforeseen riots in the streets lasted for days. I was glad I was not there.

From that point on, my career climbed higher and higher. I still find it hard to believe how high I went.

Another story from this early part of my career needs to be told if I am to better explain who I am and what events influenced my life.



After returning from my training in Taiwan and before I applied for the overseas assignment, I was accepted into the local state college school of law. I was going to forego law school if I was going to go overseas. But, I didn't go and therefore found myself attending 4 years of night law school.

As long as the class had nothing to do with math or science, I was a very bright student.

I went through law school fairly easy, not reading much of my lesson material or books. Just taking good notes during the lectures was I was able to handle. I wasn't at the top of my class, but I wasn't at the bottom either. I graduated in the middle which was fine with me because I was also putting in a full day of work before I went to school. That was a very hard period of life for both me and my wife.

I was having troubles at work and staying out late each night at school as well as trying to help raise a family. This seemed to be a recipe for failure. In the end I just couldn't make it work for us. I took the bar exam and failed both parts. I took it again and passed one part and failed





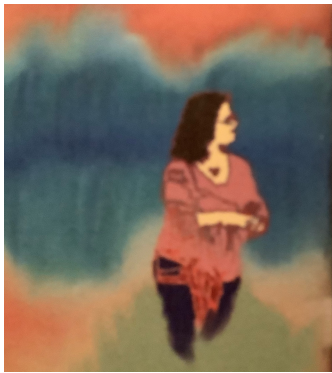
one part. I took the failed part one more time and failed by one half of one percent. I never took that test again. I thought I had really failed in life that time. It wasn't until much later that my law school experience actually made a big difference in my life. Because I held an advanced degree I was in position to be promoted to the highest level I could go without taking a senior position requiring congressional approval. I had taken my career to the top and started to enjoy all the benefits of being at the top.

I will cover more of this time period in a later chapter. I had passed my tests at work, but I fail my bar exam. I also started a lifetime of therapy to deal with OCD. From that time on until today, I have regularly been on medications to daily help me live a somewhat normal life. For reasons I will cover in latter stories, I am now expecting to need to take these medicines for the rest of my life.



## Chapter Seven: Talking without Saying Anything

This is a very difficult story to tell for all the specific reason which will be hopefully made clear by the end of this chapter. In general I would say that I loved my work and was very good at some of tasks I was asked to do, but there were things that were not easy to handle. And so I must admit that I had somewhat a love/hate feeling towards my job. And career.



One of the hard things, not hard to do, but hard on the family, was the issue that I was not allowed to even tell my family the details of my work. When I would return home after a day at the office, my wife might ask me how was my day. I would say words to address her questions, but those words really held no meaning. I learned early on in my career that I was expected to talk about my work with friends, but I was not supposed to actually say anything when I talked.

This became a very ingrained reaction to questions of all sorts, even when I was responding to non work questions. It had just become a habit which was very hard to break in situations where I didn't need to watch what I said.

I apparently got worse in this area of life the longer I worked and I didn't understand that I was doing this at all unless someone pointed it out to me. Not answering other's questions leads to others feeling that I was not listening to them. If there is someone in a household who seems to not listen to others, difficulties will be experienced and that is the place I found myself in.

Working all day and feeling very tired and irritated at things that happened in the office, I would return home to be with my family. I did not notice that my wife was also very worn out and just needed an adult to talk to. When I had nothing to say to her and she would felt hurt and

isolated. The few words I would say to her, I am very sad to now mention, were not about her day or for that matter, about my day. I would just say whatever came into my mind, without thinking of how my words would be received or how a worn out spouse needed reassurance that she was loved.



This situation went on for years, mostly invisible to me. I was very much tied up inside of my own mind, and rarely if ever, extended my thoughts to consider the needs of others I'm my family. Not only my wife suffered from my neglect, but my children also felt the same emotions. My relationships with the most important people in my life, were growing further and further apart. My OCD did not help the situation, but being completely honest, I now know that I cannot use my physical troubles as an excuse for my behavior.

I am painting a very dark picture of our family situation, but there were still good times and we still loved each other. I need to express this issue in it's darkest form here because even though we still could feel joy at times, when these emotions were felt, everything really did look as dark as I have described it.

I did not come to an understanding of the harm I had caused by my communications, or my lack of communications, until I retired and started experiencing other personal pains, mostly in the area of health. I started seeing a new therapist who specialized in OCD and also OCPD which stands for Obsessive Compulsive Personality Disorder. I was then diagnosed having both OCD and OCPD which are very different anxiety disorders.

OCD and OCPD pulled me in two different directions like I was the rope in a game of tug-a-war. OCPD meant that I saw myself as the center of the world with everything and everyone revolving around me. I was not

trying to hurt my family, I just didn't realize that I needed to change my communication style. I needed to manually unlock the secrets of the practice of empathy. I say manually because I had not developed a sense of empathy naturally as most people do.

In order to recover, I started by first shutting my mouth and listening. This was something very foreign to my natural self. I enjoyed talking and I usually talked about myself without considering who I was talking to. So I tried listening. This was a very slow process. At first others could not believe that I would, or could, just listen. It took time to build back trust that had deteriorated over the years. As I stated above, everything I was doing was a manual action not having innate emotions that would kick in.



I have been working on this personal improvement project for several years now and I am finally seeing benefits from my hard work. I still say things I shouldn't say, but I am now much more aware of my situation and can more quickly repair any damage caused. I feel more love in my family these days, not because they have changed their lives, or needed to change, but because I have been able to change my behavior.

Speaking without saying anything leads to family distress. I can testify to this because I have experienced this distress. As I said at the beginning of this chapter that was a very hard or difficult issue for me to deal with. I again want to empathize that it is extremely hard, but very necessary within a loving family environment. I have been committed to continuing my effort to improve my communications and now understanding the dangers of not improving, I am very dedicated to keep on working on this goal.

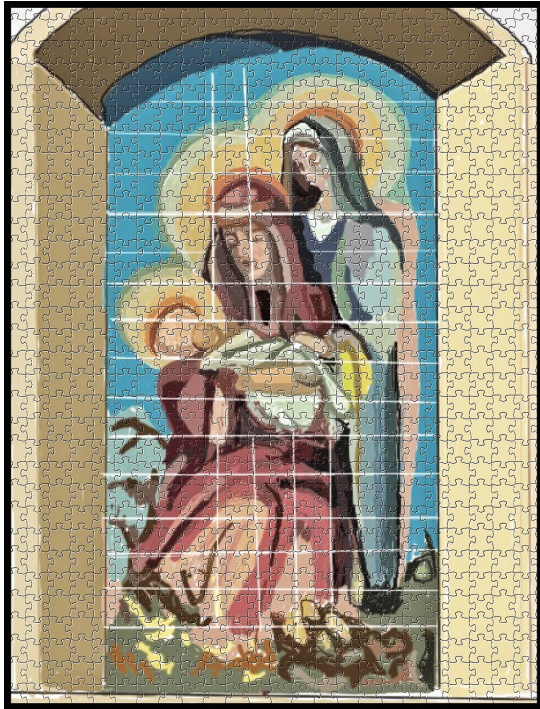


Thank you for your patience in reading through this chapter. It was hard to write and it may be hard for some to read, especially those who have felt such dark emotions described here.





## Chapter Eight: Leadership and the Art of Caring for Others



After reading the last chapter, the title of this current chapter may confuse some. I am now talking about caring for others right after I talked about not having natural empathy. Well, this statement, though confusing, can be understood if I explain that I was, or am not, totally without empathy. I just understand empathy as it relates to me. If something hurt someone else in a way that I would be hurt then I could see that hurt. I could try to repair that type of damage.

In my job, I succeeded in reclaiming individuals who had been misunderstood in a way that I would have been hurt if it had happened to me. I have several examples of these successes. I feel it is important that I document these events so that I can actually see my life in a more positive light.

These two stories happened later in my career when I was in a leadership position and oversaw the daily work and lives of others. The first story is about a young lady who was completely misunderstood by others in leadership positions. They had come to hold the opinion that this lady was lazy and did not want to work. As a last resort, she was assigned to me in hopes that I could ignite some spark of interest in her for doing some work.

The moment I first interviewed her was the first time I had interacted with her or even talked with her. I was amazed that I did not see a problem employee. She was extremely smart and seemed very willing to help out in any way she could. I quickly understood that her previous leaders didn't like the time she spent on her off hours practicing her

unique talents in another field. It was of no business of her leadership to care how an employee used her time away from the job, but they seemed to have the opinion that such dedication to a non work related activity would result in lower work efforts on the job.



I decided that I did not want to reinforce the unfair picture that others had painted of her, so I started from day one in truly expressing my gratitude for wanting to work with me. I found instant success by taking this position. Anyone could easily see the joy in her eyes as she came to work. She proved herself to be one of higher intelligence and capability. She

was dedicated to her work and was responsible for attaining a higher quality of results.

I soon gave the lady more and more responsibilities and then I began to put her up for promotion. To the wonderment of her previous leaders, she was promoted 2 or 3 times in the space of only a few years. We have been good friends now for years and I will always be grateful for her efforts which also improved my status as a successful leader. Together we succeeded, where before her leadership had failed her and our employer.

My second story concerns a young man who was originally assigned to me because others could not see any potential in him. In deed he was someone who did not easily follow directions, but I could see a place for him where he could grow and succeed.

This young man was extremely intelligent. He could solve very difficult and detailed problems, but he had a hard time seeing the bigger picture or working with others. I assigned him to a task that he could work on

by himself and he proceeded to unravel the hardest issues for us to solve, but he really only answered to me. I protected him from himself because it was clear he did not understand his need to present himself in a “political correct” manner.



He grew in his job to become the expert in his field of knowledge. Outsiders who needed his knowledge to do their jobs came to him on a regular schedule just to learn what he knew. However, the people in his upper leadership, people higher than me, could not see his value. He benefited the outsiders, but those on the

inside could not feel the same level of benefit and refused to promote him.

All of my efforts did protect him in keeping his job, but I could not change the minds of those above me regarding his promotion. I feel quite sad that I could not influence others to see his true value, but I know I made a very close friend for life by just caring for him.

These are just two examples of successes I had while serving in a leadership position. I cared for those who worked for me and I tried to show gratitude for their individual strengths that brought success. My organization grew faster in size than the other sister organizations because people felt cared for working for me. I especially connected with the misunderstood and I was very good at finding a place where they could succeed.

Caring for people who are very different from the crowd has been a constant endeavor of mine my whole life. This probably comes from the fact that I have felt misunderstood many times in my own life. I feel a great sense of joy just seeing any misunderstood person succeed.



## Chapter Nine: National Recognition



Late in my career, I attained a level, previously thought by me to be impossible. I became a true national recognized leader in my field. Looking back on all of the hard times my family and I had struggled through, I really did come out in the end at the top (in more ways than one).

Before I retired I had been asked run or co-run two separate national level working groups. At the same time I was still leading my own fairly large organization and these other two responsibilities happened to be totally unrelated to my regular job. In these working groups, I helped organize the direction and efforts of all related national organizations.

I had become someone who was recognized by others in a crowd or at an airport. One time, while I was on vacation and passing through a west coast airport, I heard my name called. I turned, looked, and found the man speaking to me was an engineer who was also a nationally recognized expert in his field. He was also innocently passing through the same airport and surprised me. It was at that chance meeting that I started to understand that my position and career had risen to a fairly high position. I could go anywhere in the United States and be recognized as to who I was by people who work in other governmental organizations.

Even after I retired and moved back west, I was spotted in a local, but prominent airport, by a leader in my career who was on vacation. We



chatted a few minutes while he brought me up to date on a few routine issues back at work.

I have talked to the President of the United States. I have brief the President's staff at the White House. I even was once interviewed by a guitarist from a huge classic rock band in the deputy director's office in a very different organization than I worked at.

One time I was walking down the hallway at work and I happened to pass my leadership escorting a powerful US Senate personality to a meeting at my organization. My leader stopped the whole procession just to talk to me. I was asked how I was doing and was told that I was doing a good job. I was impressed that my leader had such a humble attitude to hold up at powerful Senator just to talk to me.

I could tell many other stories in this chapter of those kind of events, but those 3 or 4 will suffice. The issue I want to stress is that most of us come from fair humble circumstances, and if we chance to rise to the top of any career or some other like situation, we really needed to remember where we came from and treat others who are in the same situation as we were when just starting out with the respect that is deserved by all.

Just because I became a well known and respected person, I was still no better than others who had followed a different path of life. Humility and integrity are what most people want to see in leaders and unfortunately these attributes are what most people cannot find in those who are on a higher rung of the ladder that they are currently on.



## Chapter Ten: I Finally Become an Engineer



Now I come to one of the most unbelievable experiences of my life. Right out of high school and in my first year in college, I truly wanted to be an engineer. At the time I didn't understand the many different kinds of engineers that are needed to make our world work because I had only experienced the work of a civil engineer. I remember

well the feelings of failure I felt deep in my soul when I realized my poor math and science skills would keep me from realizing my dream.

What is still more unbelievable is that it was my art skills that eventually won the day. This story is one that everyone who has a talent in art should hear.

During the final years of my career I found my self trying to get better computer tools built for my people. The tools we had were not what we needed and the tool developers didn't seem to understand what we wanted the tool for. For a long time we tried talking to the engineers, but we seemed to hit brick walls because engineers and non engineers speak a different language. What we said we needed, the engineers could not understand. And, what the engineers said they could do for us was conveyed in terms we couldn't comprehend.

I finally stopped talking to the engineer and started drawing pictures of what we needed. Suddenly, the engineers started understanding what we had been trying to say. I then drew out what I heard them answer back to

me and they showed me in my pictures where I had misunderstood them. Art had become a language that bridged the technical world with the non technical one. We started to make some real progress.



Then I retired. The engineers I had been supporting asked that I come back as a government contractor. To seal the deal, they would give me the official title and pay of a senior systems engineer. I had in reality attained my 30 plus year old goal of becoming an engineer. I had not failed as I had thought back in college. I just took a different route to attain my goal.

Even though, I still could not handle higher math or physics, art saw me through. This is why I tell anyone with artistic skills not to give up. A career directly out of art school may not always be realistic, but art skills can add value to most careers.

In my time working as a systems engineer, I was fortunate to work with some of the best engineers in the country from the commercial world. I brought real life experiences to the table and helped them understand how others use their products.

One time I entered a room to meet with some very high paid engineers and one of their leaders spoke out saying: “I get afraid every time you come in the room.” I asked why and he said that I always asked them questions that they couldn’t answer. I knew at that point I was making a real difference with my contributions to the engineering field.

I worked about 2 years longer than I had planned because I loved the work I was doing as an engineer. That period of my life came to a quick end because of the stories I will tell in the next chapter.

## Chapter Eleven: Disabilities and Trauma (Part2)



During my late 40s and early 50s, I started falling down, for no apparent reason, as I was walking, turning around, or just standing up. I hadn't thought about why this was happening, I just felt embarrassed when it happened in public.

One time, I was one of many being recognized for a job well done. We were at a prominent location in downtown DC and the awards were being presented by one of the President's Cabinet members. As I was walking forward and using the stairs to mount the stage, I fell down in front of the whole distinguished audience. I was

embarrassed.

Later, on vacation, I was taking a walk with my wife, who by that time had graduated and worked as an Occupational Therapist (OT), and she noticed that I was swinging my arms in a non standard fashion. She suggested that I should seek an opinion from a neurologist. I nodded okay but didn't think it was necessary. I did get a referral from our family doctor to see a neurologist, but I just left that piece of paper in my vehicle and didn't take any further action at that time.



Then one day at work, where I was sharing an office with a senior employee, I got up out of my chair, turned towards the door, and proceeded to fall on my face. My office mate looked at me and asked what was going on. I said I needed to see a neurologist and went out and found the referral paperwork.

I made an appointment to see one of the best General focused neurologist that I have ever met, and I will tell you right now that I am very familiar with

many neurologists. This neurologist ran every available test for someone in my condition and every single test came back with a good or normal score. I thought that meant I was okay, I had been correct that nothing was wrong. But, this wonderful neurologist soon set me right. He said that when all tests come back normal then the standard answer for someone who is falling down all the time is the he or she has Parkinson's.

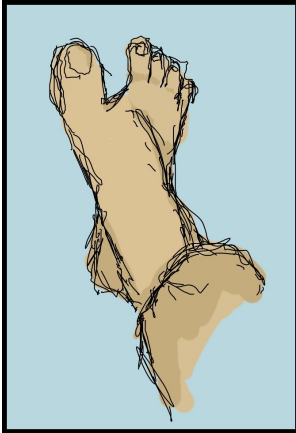
I knew very little about what Parkinson's was, except that old people and Michael J. Fox had it. My neurologist referred me to a very good Parkinson's practice for me to consult with a movement disorder neurologist, which is the formal title for a Parkinson's doctor. I was using a cane to walk by then. The specialist in Parkinson's at this practice just said she had no idea what my problem was and I could come back in a year to see if they could tell then.

I walked out of the doctors office so upset that I threw my cane as far into the bushes as I could. I cooled down and contacted my original neurologist to complain and he told me he had just attended a class on Parkinson's taught by the head of a very famous Research Hospital's Movement Disorder Department. He had asked this nationally known neurologist to see me. I agreed and my life changed dramatically.

I learned later that my new neurologist was one of the nation's top Parkinson's doctors who was very deep into research and Parkinson's medication development. I felt I had landed into good hands, and it turned out that that was truly the case. My new doctor was very hesitant to say Parkinson's, but he said I definitely had something in the Parkinson's family. Let me just say here that if you have an unnamed Parkinson's related illness, plain Parkinson's is the best diagnosis. Everything else is very deadly. I came home quite scared.

My doctor said that my presentation of my illness was quite rare. He actually took 3 years of observation to definitely say that I had Parkinson's. He felt that I had a rare presentation of probably genetic young onset Parkinson's. I had already started the Parkinson's medicine

routine, but I didn't think the medicine was doing much. I don't have the typical Parkinson's tremor which most patients look to in order to tell if their medication is working.



I started have extreme spasms in my right leg. This pain increased both in duration and degree over the next few months. I started getting Botox injections every 3 months to try to handle that pain, but Botox in the end proved to be no help. I tried many pain relief solutions, even a hallucination inducing drug very much like LSD, but still found no relief. I just got drugged up, but still felt the pain.

In a last ditch effort, I consulted an orthopedic specialist. He looked my hip over and found that my right hip was totally destroyed and that I had grown massive abnormal offshoots from my bone in that region that were triggering a lot of nerves. He said I needed a hip replacement as soon as possible and I scheduled surgery for November 3rd, 2020. By that time I hated Presidential Elections so much that I purposefully scheduled my surgery on the date of the election.

When I woke up from the surgery. The pain was gone and I have never felt it since. My pain was gone, but still had no balance and I still fell down every day. In fact, as I was just getting ready to write this paragraph, I lost balance in the kitchen, leaned against the table, and turned the table over while I crashed to the floor. All the glassware on the table was broken and my computer and lunch were laying on the floor. Fortunately, both landed safely and could still be used.

Later that same night, I fell in our church parking lot. I was helping my wife load my walker in the back of the car. I lost balance and fell, but my wife caught me enough to keep me from hitting my head. I was surprised to see all the drivers in the parking lot jump out of their cars and run over to help me.



I now attend classes twice a week at the local Parkinson's gym. I ride the stationary bike five miles each time and then follow the instructors through some very difficult exercises. My balance is so bad that I have been placed in the same class as the 80 and 90 year old ladies. I'm no longer embarrassed of being in that class or using a walker in public because I have accepted this way of life. I no longer can drive so I take bus if I need to go somewhere that the family can't drive me.

Life is exciting at this point in my life. I never know what a new day will bring or when I will next fall. I have experienced aspects of life I never thought would be possible. Not that I wanted Parkinson's, but that it has opened doors to a new way of life and I have found more real friends because of my Parkinson's.



## Chapter Twelve: Becoming an Adult or Enduring Retirement



I tell people that I retired when it took my entire lunch period to just walk to the cafeteria. There is some truth to this statement, but it was also time to retire even if I was healthy. My good days of influencing the organization at which I worked were receding for several reasons not of my making.. I may some day write about my final days at work, but this is not the time.

I retired and we moved west to be closer to family, especially three of our granddaughters who had also moved west. I had mix emotions moving away from the east. I was leaving a son, daughter in law, a daughter, and a son in law, along with 3 beautiful granddaughters in the DC area. I knew I would see them on a regular basis, but it did make our visits more difficult to plan. I also missed being able to visit the national art museum whenever I wanted to. I have grown to love that museum with all my heart.

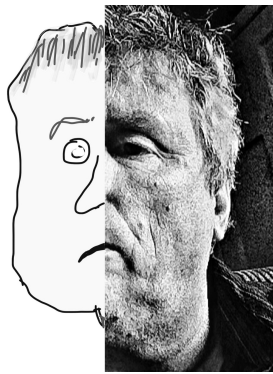
Still we moved west. I enjoy the dryer heat and the much reduced humidity. The pace of life is also much slower. The people in the west seem to me to focus more on off the job fun than the events at work. We are now living in a very laid back community with low crime rates and safe streets.

All that being said, I found it difficult to start life again with no real plan as to how I was going to organize my day. My wife moved on from the OT field and followed her father's career path in real estate. She is very good at anything she does and has become a trusted realtor in the past few years.

But I did not have a job anymore. I didn't realize it when I was working that I estimated my value to my family and others in terms of my responsibilities on the job. I am not recommending such a distorted mind set, but I have to be honest and I did look at my self worth in terms of

my employment. So, with retirement also came a feeling of little self worth that I had to overcome.

I had be working at such a pace and at such a level that I found retirement to be an abrupt stop in my life. I had trained myself to do my work, but I had never put thought into retirement. If I were to do it again I know I would handle my approach to retirement in a much different way.



One thing I had going for me was that Parkinson's had forced me to slow down. The retirement pace was easier to manage because I already couldn't manage the pace of normal life. But, I still longed to be involved in government at the national level. I stopped watching or reading news because it made me sad that I was not on the job. In short, I needed to reinvent myself.

I started slow at this new project to remake myself, but at least I did make a start. I asked at church if there was any one who I could help. I was then asked to visit an elderly man who needed someone to just talk to him. I began visiting him every Wednesday afternoon and would listen to his stories of when he was younger. He boxed, ran a ranch, rafted on white water rivers, and worked the post office. He has lived quite a life. We decided we would record his stories as he told them to me and then let his family turn the recordings into text as to make a history book for them. We have been working on this project for many months now and enjoy each other's company.

I started back at the at the Parkinson's gym twice a week. I stopped going when I stopped driving. The instructors there make gym fun. They push me hard and I try to improve. I am getting stronger, but my balance is not improving. Just attending the gym has given me a little more structure to my week, not to mention the interaction I now receive between myself and other people. I find that interaction much better than

me just sitting in a dark bedroom, which is what I am still doing right now as I write this.

I am anticipating doing more service for my church in the coming months. I am going to work 2 days a week at my church's family history center. That will be an 8 hour per day job, 2 times every week.

I am slowly adjusting to retired life, but as you can see, I really needed to find some ways to spend my time, in stead of working. These are the things I wish I had planned out before I retired in stead of waiting and then frantically looking around for something to do. Retirement, at lest in my mind is not just sitting around doing nothing.

I have also increased my online art gallery. I now have posted almost 8,000 items of art for anyone to use, except for commercial purposes. I draw every day and post what I draw. I have also entered several pieces of my artwork in a local gallery judged art shows. Every time I have entered a piece of art, my art has been selected to be shown in the gallery for up to six months.

I keep myself busy, and that is the best way I have learned to move on from a career like I had. When I find myself with nothing to do, I get anxious looking for something else. I hope to continue my new projects until can no longer do them. Then I will look for something else to do.



## Chapter Thirteen: The Trial

I have not yet decided if I am going to publish this chapter. I may not. The trial is a reference to a complicated trial that has been held inside of my own head for the past 5 or 6 years. It will be extremely difficult to write and probably even more difficult to follow, and so, I may be putting this story off for the time being.

( **AUTHORS NOTE:** As I have said I hesitated to include this chapter because I do not want to cause more pain. I don't expect the reader or anyone to agree with me on this topic. We all have agency to believe and do what we choose. This is only my point of view. And if you read my other chapters, my point of view is not always correct. **PLEASE ONLY READ THIS CHAPTER IF YOU FEEL THE TOPIC IS APPROPRIATE FOR YOU.**)

## Chapter twelve: The Trial or the Greatest Time of Human Darkness Since The Death of Our Lord

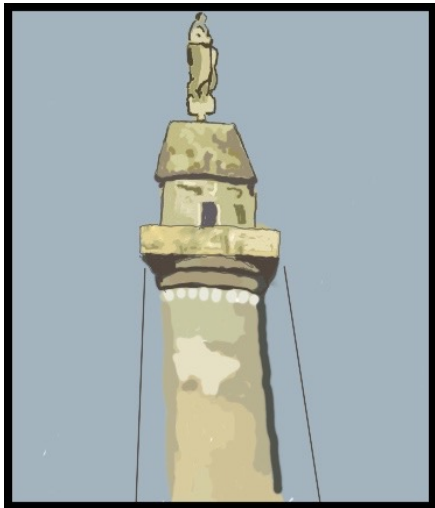


I write this chapter with great hesitation because the immense scale of this human trial and because of the deeply held opinions regarding if this event really happened. I was first going to say I was honored to have had a front row seat witnessing this event, but honored is not the correct word to use. I will only say that I happened to personally witness some of the first few volleys of this worldwide war.

We are at war and it is worldwide in scale, but many people still do not understand



we are at war. The reason of the lack of understanding is that this is our first modern war of this type. There are, at least not now, no bullets flying through the air or bombs being dropped on our vast cities. It is mostly an information war where both sides are striving to control the people now living on earth.



The sides in this war are not clear. A previous friendly country may not be on our side this time, and a former enemy may not be an enemy anymore. Most people have yet to understand who is on one side and who is on the other. Even parts of my own country may be on the other side from a large portion of our citizens.

The battles have been up until now mostly fought in back rooms or in the dark. The weapons have been, bioweapons, elections, corruptness, money, schools, medicine, government organizations, and technical communications, including disinformation and coded messages. One side wants global control and a willingness of the people to obey. The other side wants personal freedoms and self will.

I was on the front row and I saw a powerful elected leader break in and steal what was not his from a competitor. At the time, I said out loud to those closest to me that I just saw something that may be bigger than Watergate. My close brethren in history said that I should just look away, meaning that no one has the time or energy to deal with such an event if it really happened.

But I could not just look away, because I saw what I saw. The crime was one that could not be swept under the rug. A wise person told me that all I needed to do was to wait and eventually the truth will come out. For the past 5 or more years I have waited and the truth is now trickling out, but still many people cannot see or understand even those first few shots in this world war.

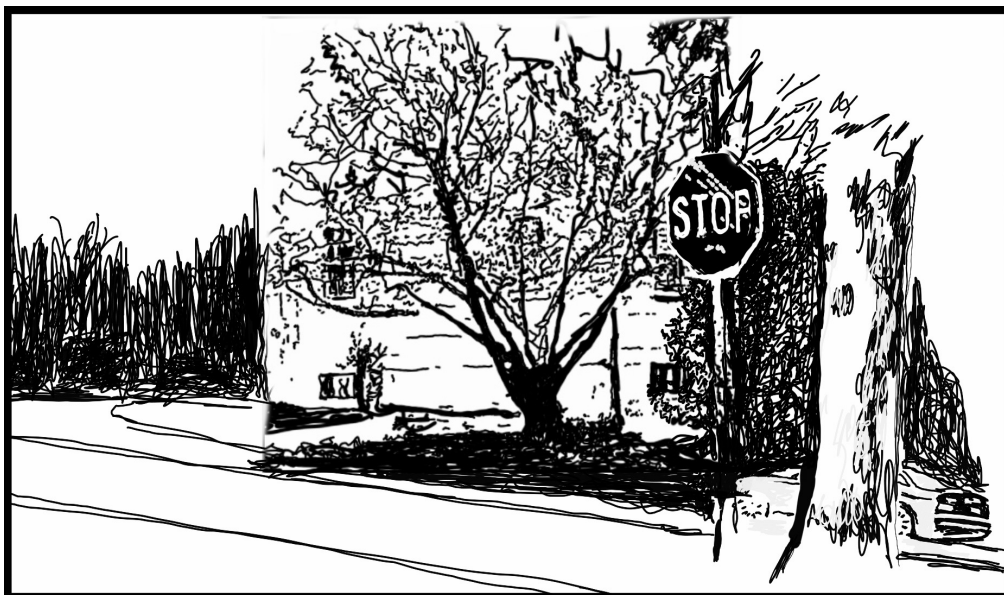
Before this war will end, many people, both known and not known, will stand trial for horrific crimes. That trial will be great and dreadful. It will



span all regions of this earth. If not for my understanding of my Savior who is really the only one who has control, I would say that all is lost. But I know that God loves His children, even when they commit tragic sins, and He will see that the good and the righteous will prevail.

I am not going to say much more regarding this topic. There are brothers fighting brothers, friends fighting friends, the whole world is fighting and yet many of the fighters do not understand they are at war. The father of all lies is cheering this war on. I want nothing to do with him. I will just stand my ground and testify of God our father and His son our Savior. They are in control and I need not fear.

I know I was saved by God to witness this time because I would stand firm. It is in my time and the only thing I need now to do is decide which side I am on. I will follow and obey God.





## Chapter Fourteen: The future or the Prologue

That has been a very quick look over my time here on earth. My time is not yet concluded, and so, I will accumulate more stories. This book covered the majority of my time here, but I have left a lot of experiences untold.

My purpose in writing this small book was not to write my life story, but to show others that even though we pass through trails and difficult situations, there are always solutions to any problem. Anyone who is willing to try, can succeed in the end. Remember, we can find joy in this life regardless of our situation. And last of all, I want to remind the reader that no one we meet in this world is insignificant. We should be thankful for everyone who comes within the sphere we are occupying, no matter if they do or do not support us. They all can influence life for the better in on way or another.

Thank you for reading this book. It means a lot to me. Whoever you are, you are now my friend.

Wayne Reed Lougee 2022





The end.

